



LAMBERTS

Last game plaid,

Set out in a Mock-

COMEDY,

BETWIXT

{ JOHN LAMBERT, Esq.
COL. COBBET.
Young HASLERIG.
and
Major CREED.

At their lodgings in the
TOWER

With

A merry conceited Fellow, called
ROGER.

TOGETHER

VVith a Visitation of divers Sisters of the
Phanatique Crew.

PRINTED, For Richard Andrew. 1660.

LAMBERTS

Self-governing

COMEDY

JOHN S. B. B. B.

JOHN S. B. B. B.

JOHN S. B. B. B.

JOHN

JOHN S. B. B. B.

JOHN S. B. B. B.

TO V E R

JOHN

A party connected with the

R O G E R

JOHN

With a Vision of the

Pharmaceutical

PRINTED BY

LAMBERTS

Last game plaid,

Set out in a Mock-

COMEDY,

BETWIXT

JOHN LAMBERT, Esq.

COL. COBBET.

Young HASLERIG.

and

Major CREED.

At their lodgings in the

TOWER.

Enter Lambert alone.

O H ! What cross Fate doth attend me ? I have
plaid my Cards bravely, no sooner escaped out
of Prison ; thinking to recover my old fame
amongst the Phanatique crew (who hath alwaies lookt
upon

upon me as their refuge) but that I miscarried (I think I may say in my last enterprise) for I think I shall never be able to Head any more Parties, because they will make me shorter my self by the head: indeed if they had not followed us so hard we might have done some good on it, if they had let Col. Okey, Whaley, Desborough, and Col. Goff. come to the Rendezvous, which would have been within a day or two in *Leicestershire*: But we were hunted by some of our own breed, who knew the game as well as my self, and served me as I did Sir George Booth, dissipated me before I could get my forces together, but surely there was either treachery or cowardize in it, or both, for the Anabaptists and the rest of the Phanatiques I am sure they would not have failed me of the hundred thousand pounds they promised me; nay I believe the sisters would have brought in their botkins ad thimbles as fast as they did at the beginning of the Wars, so that there could have been no need of money, if we of the souldiery had not spoyled the design our selves.

Enter Col. Cobbet, Major Creed, Young Haslerig, and others,

Col. Cob. What all alone my Lord? but why should I ask such a silly question, when I heard you were as well as we committed close Prisoner, but we through the help of some friends have gaind the liberty to come and see you, though it be with some hazard.

Lambert. *How simply thou talkest, can you hazard more then you have done your lives.*

Y. Hasle. Me thinks your Lordship looks pale and wan, and not as you use to do.

Lamb. *Thou art a puny, thou art not sensible of losing a design,*

design, I'll warrant thee thy Father takes no rest nor sleep a nights for thinking of the failing of this design: for I know (if he escape while then) which way he must go when King Charles comes.

Maj. Creed. But Sir, what news? have you no intelligence privately?

Lam. No not I; I have sent out my mad fellow Roger (which they take for a fool) and expect him every minute again.

Cobbet. Hold here comes some body.

Lam. It is he, ask him what news.

Cobbet. How now Roger what news abroad?

Roger. Shall I deal plainly and truly with you?

Cobb. I prethee do.

Roger. Why truly the common talk is, you will be hanged, with a great many more of your confederates, as Liev. Coll. Yong, Cap. Clare, Capt. Gregory, and Cap. Spinnage, with a great many great ones, as Col. Okey, Axtel, Whaley, Goff, Desborough, and others, of which some are taken, and the rest cannot escape; but for my Master it is said he shall have the priviledge of being beheaded, because he was Liev. Gen. (if he do not cheat the hangman, by stabbing, drowning, or hanging himself in his own cruel Garters.

All. Cut, Kick the Rogue, doth he come to scoff us in our afflictions.

Y. Hafl. Not so fierce Gentlemen, you forget you have no swords, no not so much as a knife to defend you from a dog if he should run at your shins.

Lam. See the effects of Rebellion and Treason, when it fails in the attaining those Scullions, that before when you were in your height and lustre would have done the meanest of offices for you, now can upbraid and jeer you

you to your face, when they see you under a cloud and like to come to ruine; but what do I trouble my self with these petty things, when my life lies at stake, and no way to save it as I know of.

Roger. *what ayls you to be so angry, when you sent me out on purpose to gain Intelligence, and I brought you word what the common Verdict was, not as I wish it, for if I seek Countrey and City over, I shall never have such another Master, a stout Master, a valiant Master, a generous Master, and what not; therefore I will see his end before I leave him.*

Cob. But thou saidst thou hadst more news, prethee let us hear all now thou art relating it, for I approve of it hugely.

Rog. *well I'll relate it to you, may be you'll quarrel with me as you did for my other News; but tide Life tide Death, I'll tell you as I am credibly informed by the Reverend Multitude (in whom I put great trust) that presently after your Engagement at Edg-hill (it being well you were gone before) there was a frightful sight to the Countrey a matter of three or four Regiments, as nigh as could be guest of the Earl of Essex's old Souldiers, all rising together, crying out for King and Parliament, for King and Parliament: And by them that knew them better then I, there was Hambden, and Hollis, and other of their old Officers that led them up in a brave equipage. Nay, they say, they march for London, to keep Guard there, which will be a great ease to the Trained-Bands and Auxiliaries; for do but set them to their several Guards, and they never look for no relief: All the fear is they will heartily fright our City-Dames; some having no legs, some no Arms, nay they say, some no Heads, yet all brave Souldiers and Fire-men alike.*

R. Hasle. But thou art not so simple to believe these things surely Roger.

Ro-

Roger. *Surely I an good Mr. Haslerig, and so may you too and you will, and I'le warrant you'l see it it in Print to morrow.*

Y. Hasle. *Why you fool, is all true that is in Print?*

Roger. *Yes Good-man-fool, or else what should be true.*

Lamb. *The fool grows impudent, spurn him away.*

They all kick him out of the Room.

Lambert. *Now we are by our selves, let us (if we can) consider what course to take, for I have plaid fast and loose so with the other Parliament, that this will never trust me, without that when the King comes he should take pitty and set us at Liberty upon our good behaviour; the which I am sure I never, and I think most of us had never none to him.*

Cob. *What noise is this without.*

Lamb. *Bar the door.*

Y. Hasle. *That is in vain.*

Maj. Creed. *It is Roger with women at his heels, who say they must speak with your Lordship.*

They all slink away and leave Lambert alone.

Roger. *Sisters, quoth I, and civil women, the Devil they are; never was poor man so troubled to keep out a company of Cattel, I'le be hanged if one had not better have dealt with a company of Turnball-street Ladies; one catcht me by the ears, another by the hair, another by another place, I was never so fraid of my Quidlibits in my life; but since my Master and they are together, I'le leave them, and go down to my old sweetheart Sistles, who sells a cup of good Ale, and there she and I will drink away all sorrow, though I were sure my Master should be hanged to morrow.*

Lamb. *Good women, would you speak with me.*

I. *Women.*

1. *women.* O thou betrayer of our Christian Liberty.

2. *women.* Art thou he that we have put all this trust in all this while, if thou hadst not been able to fight and stand up for us, Why couldest thou not try to over-treat them as *Monck* did thee; seeing there is no peace with the wicked; but we see the Lord hath left thee as he did *Saul*.

3. *women.* What do you lie talking to him, take him and tare him to pieces, make an example of him, for I never lookt for better from him; now we want the old Protector, he would fight for us, stand with us, weep with us; nay do any thing with us for a need; but this piece of Northern-shrunk cloth.

Enter the warders and force them out.

Lamb. Was ever man thus troubled and abused, once again help me my wits, better be hanged presently, then stay their leasure for an Axe——

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.











